8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirape SP22

Fear was present in the formalization of quarrels full of hatred, a formalization which obliged the opponents to avoid direct contact. They had to remain hidden from one another and not interrupt the speech of their antagonist, but only reply when he had finished. One such quarrel began in the afternoon of June 27, 1935. Kamairahó lay in his hammock with open eyes and didn't answer when several people called him. Maninohó, the eldest man of the neighbouring house, begins to pronounce insults. He stays inside his house. The entrances of the houses are so arranged that it is impossible to look from the interior of one house into the interior of another.[4] Kamairahó's wife stays outside between the two houses without looking towards either of them. She faces the men's house in the centre of the village and replies to Maninohó with extraordinary gravity, in a level voice and with calm gestures. They are discussing a question of shamanism. Maninohó seems to be doing the provoking. The other persons present continue with their habitual activities, neither laughing nor speaking. After a while Maninohó's aggressiveness seems to increase. Kamairahó's wife joins her husband and the eldest man of her house places himself close to the entrance but inside, holding a club and railing violently in a loud and monotonous voice. When he finishes, profound silence rules for some moments. Then the other replies in the same tone. Never does one interrupt the other. This rule is also observed when two Tapirapé women have a quarrel as well as among other South American tribes.[5] The quarrel between the two men, one always hidden from the other, lasted until sunset. Late that night the old man of Kamairahó's house, where I was also living, asked me for my electric torch and went with his wife for water by a very roundabout way in order to avoid the proximity of Maninohó's house. These precautionary measures—the lamp, the company of his wife, and the détour—reveal clearly the fear he had of the adversary. Supposing then that fear has contributed to create the institution of formalized quarrels we may consider it a factor of socialization. But is it only a tribal behaviour pattern or also fear that causes the victim of theft to abstain from any exteriorized reaction? Frequently I observed that the theft of some thing obtained from the white men, for instance a necklace of glass beads, was known immediately in the whole village; the victim, however, suffers in silence without any demonstration and doesn't attempt any revenge.

As an institution which is essentially a product of fear appears that of the shamans. Nonexistent in certain South American tribes and little developed in others, it is so important to the Tapirapé that they informed me of certain local groups having renounced their independence and joined the inhabitants of another village because there were no more shamans among them.[6] This becomes credible when one considers Charles Wagley's[7] quotation of one of his informants' words: "Without our pancé, all we Tapirapé die." According to the same author,[8] "the greatest prestige which Tapirapé culture offers accrues to the shaman." This means that the first place in Tapirapé society belongs to the person who defends the community against the ever terrible dangers of the supernatural world. It is collective fear which gives him this status. But the easy and continuous contact with the forces of destruction makes the shaman for his part also a man to be feared, and consequently exposes him to other dangers, to dangers which we would not call supernatural. When cases of death occur in the village, and especially several in a short time, it is usual to attribute the cause to a shaman and therefore many shamans are murdered. Then it is also collective fear which, in such cases, moves a Tapirapé to defend the community

could come quietly to us at night to drink water, to ask for something to eat, and even to sleep in an extra hammock we had for visitors. His affairs were evidently extensive, for he once divided all of the adult women of the village into two categories—those "I know how to talk with" (i.e., to seduce) and those "I do not know how to talk with." There were many with whom he "could talk."

Unfortunately, by late November of 1939, I knew too much about Champukwi's affairs either for his comfort or for mine. His wife sometimes came to my house to ask if I knew where he had gone (I could generally guess), and once an irate husband even came to inquire of his whereabouts. His Don Juan activities had evidently increased. His friendship with me caused him trouble with other Tapirapé who were envious of the presents he received. The story was circulated that he had stolen a pair of scissors which, in fact, I had given to him. Moreover, several people caught colds, and he was accused of bringing the infection from Furo de Pedra (actually it was probably transmitted by the frontiersman who had helped transport us to the village in November). Champukwi sought revenge by cutting down one of the main supports of the men's house, which promptly caved in. No one died or was seriously injured and the destruction of the men's house was soon forgotten since it is normally rebuilt each year. However, people continued to criticize Champukwi, much of their criticism revolving around his relationship with me. There are no realms of esoteric secrets in Tapirapé culture (as there are in many cultures) that must not be revealed to an outsider; there is only the "secret" of the men from the women that the masked dancers are not supernatural beings but merely masquerading men, but I had been fully and openly brought into this "secret." I was, moreover, exceedingly careful in conversation never to refer to any bit of personal information that some informant, Champukwi or another, had told me. But rumors were rife in the small village—that I was angry and would soon leave (I was by then a valuable asset), that Champukwi told me lies about others, that I refused to give a bushknife to a household leader because Champukwi had urged me not to do so (I refused because I had already given him one bushknife), and the like.

Champukwi reacted moodily, often violently, to this situation. I could no longer count on his visits nor on our research interviews. He now visited us with a glum look on his face, and when he was